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## CRUVELLI.

The new *prima donna* has now taken her position so firmly with the public, that she no longer stands in need of advocacy. Her merits are appreciated, and her claim to be placed among the brightest of the stars, that, from time to time, during the last quarter of a century, have shone in the operatic hemisphere, is no longer disputed by any whose opinions are of weight, or whose disinterestedness entitles them to authority.

That Cruvelli has failings we shall not attempt to deny. What young artist is without them? Malibran had faults at twenty-nine. Cruvelli has equalled Malibran at twenty-two. For our own parts we would not give a straw for a singer, or an actress, who, at twenty-two, offered no points amenable to the strictures of criticism. The absence of faults at such an age would simply prove a great facility in the acquirement of first principles, and large powers of imitation—a close and correct copy of preceding models, and a happy organisation, physical and intellectual. But it would not prove the possession of genius, the gift of invention, the noble faculty of creation. There are many admirable and accomplished artists; but genius appears at intervals, few and far between.

We pretend that Sophie Cruvelli is a genius; and it is because we are convinced of it that we hail her as the successor of Malibran. If this be acceded, the fact of her executive means being as yet imperfect—of her conception, at times, aiming at deeper and more varied expression than her physical resources, in their present condition, enable her, entirely, and at all times, to realise as she imagines them,—tells in favour of our argument. They who dream of nothing higher than what they have learned by rote, who aspire to nothing greater than that which they have acquired from the example of others—to imitate whom successfully is the end of their ambition—cannot be said to be endowed with the gift of genius. Cruvelli is none of these; she imitates none; emulates none; she thinks for herself, and aspires for herself. Stirred by the fire that burns within her, she cannot be tied down to rules and dogmas.

That which preserves Cruvelli from what would be otherwise an imminent danger, is her profound insight into character. Her conception is always true and just, while her execution continually varies. The one proceeds from a judgment that never errs; the other from impulse, which may possibly lead her astray. Thus, while her *Fidelio* and her *Norma* are never precisely the same, on two consecutive evenings, they are, nevertheless, always *Fidelio* and *Norma*.

Whether Cruvelli makes an effect in this scene, or in that scene, in this point, or another, is never the result of calculation. She does not calculate. She sings and acts on the impulse of the moment; but her performance must always be impressive, because it is always true to one idea, always bears upon one object—the vivid realisation of the character she impersonates to the apprehension of her audience. If she would improve, Cruvelli must depend upon daily and indefatigable attention to the abstract study of her art, rather than upon attempts to refine and perfect particular points in particular characters. To progress as a singer, she must practice, with earnestness and indefatigability, the *solfeggi* and the general routine of vocal exercises. To improve in her acting, she must study at home—her poses, her gestures, and all the mechanism of the stage. Like all geniuses, so absolutely is Cruvelli the creature of impulse, that let her pass a day, a week, a month, in working up to the utmost degree of refinement, a certain passage, or a certain dramatic effect, it is an even chance that, on the night of performance, she will altogether overlook the idea of what she has been preparing in advance, and do something even better and more striking, a *l'improviste*.

But, argue as we can, on abstract principles, Cruvelli has made her way. Difficulties have not abashed her. She did not quail before *Fidelio*, the grand creation of Beethoven, which she has now played six times. (To night she performs it for the seventh.) It is probable that no other singer has ever appeared so often, in so brief a period, and with a success continually increasing, in this masterpiece of the German opera. She did not quail before *Norma*—*Norma*, the chief assumption of Pasta, and of Grisi—*Norma*, which no other singer, Jenny Lind unexcepted, has approached without trembling, and which the incomparable Malibran herself refrained from essaying in London. Cruvelli has appeared four times in *Norma*, and the impression she produced in this character, the sublimest in the range of Italian *opera seria*, was not less deep than that which attended her *Fidelio*. Her next essay will probably be *Semiramide*; and here again she ventures upon holy ground, invades the domain of Pasta, and of Grisi, Pasta's legitimate successor. She will triumph again, nevertheless.

Suppose a critic were to fall foul of Cruvelli, to see no merit in her *Norma*, very little in her *Fidelio*, and to imagine numberless faults in both; we should be sorry for this critic, and should find some difficulty in believing him candid. Suppose, however, the same critic were soberly to pronounce a French composer, of no invention and less acquirement, a great musician—nay, one of the greatest of musicians; we should, then,

not be surprised to find him setting down Cruvelli as a singer of no pretensions. The weak judgment, or the strong prejudice, that could lead to the one conclusion, might easily induce the other, and we should be content to accept the alternative. If a French composer of no invention and less acquirement be a great musician, nay, the greatest of musicians, Cruvelli is not a great singer—and *vice versa*. Suppose a forthcoming opera, by the same French composer, were spoken of, by the same critic, in the same breath as *Fidelio*; we should pity that critic; though if the forthcoming opera turned out to be a masterpiece, we should abandon Cruvelli, as a delusion. But, on the other hand, supposing we had ourselves enjoyed the advantage of hearing the opera, of this French composer, at Paris; we should, then, entertain no fear for the result. Of course, this is but pleasantry. No such critic, no such composer, and no such opera exist. All the critics in the world, however, would be unable to hide a great light under a bushel, without speedily setting fire to the bushel; and all the critics in the world—much less the one in supposition, single-handed, or even with the powerful assistance of another in supposition—would be unable, were they ever so inclined, to reduce a great and highly gifted artist like Cruvelli, to the level of a common-place pretender. If such critics exist, they had better, therefore, repent and mend their ways—put on their spectacles, and see and understand an excellence, which, one day, they will perforce be made to acknowledge and pay homage to. It was suggested to us lately, that a critic, who really underrated Cruvelli, did not intend what the literal translation of his words into nonsense appeared to convey; but that his writing had two meanings, the exoteric and the esoteric, the outward seeming and the hidden truth. We are inclined to this belief, from the fact that until the advent of a certain French composer, the critic who underrated Cruvelli believed in Mendelssohn; and we must insist, that to admire sincerely the music of Mendelssohn and the music of the composer to whom we allude, at one and the same time, is an impossibility—since, if either be good, the other must necessarily be the opposite.

We have little more to add, and may safely leave Cruvelli to herself, to accomplish the career she has so gloriously begun. She has all in her favour—extreme youth, a magnificent voice, fire, industry, enthusiasm, and, to crown all, GENIUS. Of what else does she stand in need? The truth is that our feeble advocacy can no more avail her than the feebler sneer of a wrong-judging critic can injure her. The public in these matters is the best judge. The public may be spurred on to appreciate real merit more quickly and keenly; but the public cannot be laughed out of its faith; and in the long run is no more likely to be cold to genius than to embrace a cheat. The public has delivered its verdict, unmistakably, in favour of Cruvelli, and what the public has decided it is beyond the power of any critic to impugn.

Let it not be imagined that we are pleading for Sophie Cruvelli. She stands in no want of our logic, being already a creature of splendid talent, and still more splendid promise.

We can believe anything, however great, of her "to come"—for if, at twenty-two, she has attained so high a degree of excellence, what may not be expected of her before she has reached thirty?

#### JENNY LIND IN AMERICA.

Without pretending to understand what the following article from the *New York Herald* may happen to signify, we present it to our readers as a curiosity. Everybody knows that Mr. Bennett, the editor and proprietor of the *New York Herald*, was at one time the fiercest supporter of Mr. Barnum, in the "Jenny Lind," as in other speculations:—

#### BARNUM AGAIN IN THE FIELD—PROBABLE FLARE-UP BETWEEN NAPOLEON AND JENNY LIND.

The Napoleon of showmen has a most remarkable fertility of transparent genius in the production and array of novelties and amusements, his movements continually attracting the public eye. In the exhibition of curious humbugs he has no rival and his raree shows of all kinds extend east and west, north and south. Some of the newspapers for a week past have been publishing notices that somebody has been sending this showy Napoleon ten dollars, and other persons have certified, also, that they have received by letter a similar sum of money to be applied to some purpose as yet undivulged. This new style of creating a sensation, however, in which Barnum went to the trouble of taking the lead, was a total failure, and accordingly we are now treated to a card from Napoleon, which is published in all the journals which are edited by his "literary bureau." Here is the document:—

#### JENNY LIND'S LAST CONCERTS.

The public are respectfully informed that the engagement between Mlle. Jenny Lind and myself for 150 concerts, having contained certain conditions on which the same might be terminated either at the end of sixty or of one hundred concerts, it has been determined to limit them to the latter number; and as ninety-one concerts (besides those given for charity) have already taken place, these are only nine remaining, of which positively but one will be given in New York, viz.—on Friday night, June 5th, at Castle Garden. It has been determined to give the eight last concerts in Philadelphia and Boston. The concert to be given for the benefit of the orchestra on Wednesday night, June 4th, is, of course, not included in the above. The public's obedient servant,

P. T. BARNUM.

Now, this announcement appears to be a flare-up. It is accompanied by editorial remarks of the same tenor, all emanating from Barnum's literary bureau of editors, poets, philosophers, and critics, a few of the comments being a little improved by the journalists, for the sake of variety of expression. But what is the meaning of it all? Would Barnum or Jenny Lind give up the receipts of fifty profitable concerts? If we are to rely on the telegraphic reports which have flashed over the wires from one end of the country to the other, the receipts up to this time must have amounted, according to the statements of the literary bureau, to about a million and a half of dollars. Bah! Not a bit of it. We suspect rather that the runners, agents, advertising, authors, wood cuts, biographies, and general machinery, including the literary bureau, have cost an enormous sum, and have diminished the special profits of Napoleon. We have always believed that Barnum made a great business mistake in the outset, last summer; that his determination to carry the people by storm, at a large figure for tickets, was foolish; and that he never would fulfil his pledge, that all the public should have a chance to hear the



Nightingale. He would not be advised. He surrounded his speculation with complicated machinery, at a vast expense, not only with a determination to sweep the public at will towards paying a heavy tribute to his treasury, but to manage the press, and to stifle criticism. The blunder is now apparent, and all the stories about Jenny Lind's fatigues are monstrous masses of unmitigated moonshine. Jenny Lind is in the enjoyment of the best health and spirits, and can as well sing in one hundred more concerts as in those she has already given. In fact, she is stronger and more powerful in voice than she was last summer. What folly is it, then, to attempt a thing of this kind upon the public! No! Let the truth be told. The actual fact is, that Barnum finds the payment of one thousand dollars for each concert to Jenny Lind, and her expenses, added to his vast and expensive machinery of poets, critics, runners, &c., &c., is a losing business—that it touches his pocket, which is not so deep as a well or the California mines, and the diggings of which are getting scanty. If the enthusiasm of last year could be revived, he might have a chance; but all the efforts of his literary bureau, of his philosophers, poets, transcendental critics, socialist editors, cannot re-suscitate the original excitement. Great have been the struggles up to the latest hour to establish Jenny Lind as a divinity, and so she is. Every day the transcendental poets have striven for her "apotheosis," and they have succeeded. At all events, these wonderful lovers of the spiritual music in the toes of the Fox girls, and of the perfect melodies of Jenny Lind's voice, declare that if she is not a divinity, she at least is the impersonation of all art, and of the music of the spheres, and of everything musical—past, present, and to come—and so she is. We repeat, what is the meaning of all this? Do the poets, philosophers, and socialists intend to have a convention and nominate Jenny for the Presidency? Or, do they intend to make her the goddess of their new religion? We know very well that she has been heartily received by the democracy. So was Fanny Elssler, who, at Baltimore, was drawn in her carriage by the excited multitude. So was Fanny Kemble in the days of her dramatic career. Elssler got the admiration and the start of the people by her legs, and Fanny Kemble charmed them by her black eyes. We never knew, however, that these things had really anything to do with the democracy of the age, or with the march of improvement. Really, really, Barnum ought to know human nature better—that enthusiasm running into folly, such as we have had instances of in the last thirty years, cannot be renewed and repeated, except for a very, very brief season. Jenny Lind, as a woman, deservedly enjoys the esteem of the public; and as an *artiste*, her rank entitles her to very great admiration; but there are, in this country, several quite equal to her, and more are coming. The plan of exalting her to the seventh heaven, and degrading thereby all other *artistes*, may be a good speculation while it lasts, but it is not a system which can endure, and will not bear philosophical examination. It is, besides, an unjust system. Jenny Lind, in Italian comic opera, is equal to any *artiste* of any age. There her power is fully seen; in her acting and vocalization she is the greatest alive. In the grand opera she is inferior to Grisi, to Parodi, or to Sontag; and in English, Scotch and Irish ballads her exhibitions are weak, unfinished, and out of character, as will be seen when Catherine Hayes visits this country next autumn, and sings the same compositions. Let Barnum bring down his prices and his expenses to a proper level, and he can yet complete his one hundred and fifty concerts without difficulty; but

we rather suspect it is a breaking up of the engagement or partnership between them, and that Jenny Lind will take the field on her own hook, and succeed alone better than with the complicated machinery with which she has been surrounded.

N. B.—Our view is correct. The following card of Miss Lind speaks for itself.

A CARD.

(To the Editor of the Herald.)

The remarks appended to the card which Mr. Barnum publishes this morning, relative to the termination of his contract with Miss Jenny Lind, are calculated, in some degree, to mislead the public with regard to her future intentions. Miss Lind has never authorized the statement that these concerts are to be her last in America; the only publication she has consented to is, that of the close of her engagement with Mr. Barnum, after one hundred nights. The fatigue and exertion incidental to such continuous efforts make it necessary for her to enjoy, for some time, repose and relaxation. After that she may, if her strength permit, make a short tour in western New York and Canada, in order not to disappoint those who, from expecting to hear her at home, have refrained from visiting the Atlantic cities.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,  
MAX HJORTSBERG, Sec. to Miss Lind.

We shall feel obliged to any one initiated in the mysteries of the Yankee press to unravel the mystery. Our ingenuity is unequal to the task.

#### THE ENFANT PRODIGE.

THE following communication from the Director of the Royal Italian, in reference to Auber's celebrated opera, appeared in a recent number of the *Morning Herald*. It will be read with interest.

(To the Editor of the Morning Herald.)

SIR,—My attention has been called to an article in your paper of yesterday, headed "Her Majesty's Theatre," which commences with the following paragraph:—

"To the surprise of everybody, Mr. Lumley, as in the case of the *Fidelio*, has been secretly at work upon the *Enfant Prodiges* of Auber, the exclusive right to which was supposed by the simple public to have been in the hands of the director of the Royal Italian Opera. But we find otherwise."

I am most unwilling, sir, to intrude myself on the notice of your readers, but having, at the commencement of the season, announced the opera of the *Enfant Prodiges* to be the exclusive property of the directors of the Royal Italian Opera, I feel, from a sense of duty towards the subscribers to this establishment, as well as to myself, that I have no alternative but to request the favour of the insertion in your columns of the following document, which is an exact copy of a notice served on the lessee of her Majesty's Theatre.

(Copy.)

(To Benjamin Lumley, Esq., Her Majesty's Theatre.)

"SIR,—Having seen in the public papers of Saturday last, an announcement of your intention of representing at her Majesty's Theatre, on Thursday, the 12th inst., Auber's opera *L'Enfant Prodiges*, under the title of *Il Prodigio*, which opera, so long ago as March last, I had publicly advertised as the 'exclusive property of the directors of the Royal Italian Opera,' I immediately proceeded to take legal advice upon the subject, and I now take the earliest opportunity of informing you, and I hereby give you notice, that by virtue of a certain assignment, bearing date the 2d day of January last, and made between Messrs. Brandus and Co., of

Paris, publishers of music, of the one part, and myself, the undersigned Frederick Gye, of the other part, the said Messrs. Brandus and Co., as assignees of Messrs. Scribe and Auber, authors of the poem, musical composition, or opera of *L'Enfant Prodigue*, sold and made over to me the entire and absolute property, copyright, and right of representation, within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and the British Colonies, of the said opera, without excepting or reserving any part of it thereout. And I further give you notice, that if after this notice you shall produce, or allow the said opera, or any part thereof, or any adaptation or translation thereof, or of any part thereof, to be produced or represented at Her Majesty's Theatre or elsewhere, without my consent in writing first had and obtained for that purpose, that any and every such production or representation will be at your own peril, and that I shall hold you responsible under the several statutes in such case made and provided, or otherwise as I may be advised.

"Dated this 11th day of June, 1851."

"Yours, &c.,

"FRED. GYE.

The origin of the assignment referred to is at any time open to your inspection.

It is a source of very great regret to me, that in the management of a great establishment such as Her Majesty's Theatre, standing so high in the estimation of the public, a fair and honest rivalry is not alone had recourse to; for I believe that the field of public patronage is sufficiently wide for both Operas. I will offer no further comment on the transaction, but leave my subscribers and your readers to judge between the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre and myself.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

FRED. GYE.

Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, June 14, 1851.

Being ignorant of the merits of the case, we leave it as it stands, without taking any part in the discussion.

#### CATHERINE HAYES.

(From the Cork Southern Reporter, June, 12th, 1851.)

This eminent and rarely-gifted artiste is about to bid farewell to England, to make a professional tour in the American States. The name of Catherine Hayes is not unknown in the land of the far west. The high reputation she has so long enjoyed all over Europe was not likely to be circumscribed, even by the barriers of the broad Atlantic; it spread itself abroad on the winds, and was wafted to the mighty hills and valleys of Columbia. In no part of the world is talent and genius so much respected and sought after as in America. In America, Malibran's genius was nurtured and brought to light, and fed fondly with the oil of commendation. Malibran's reputation, achieved in America, first opened the eyes of artistic Europe to American appreciation and American support.

Catherine Hayes possesses more than ordinary claims to the sympathy of the Americans. It is not alone her resplendent talents, her exquisite voice, her magnificent singing, and the grace and beauty of her person, which will direct her to their affections and en-throne her there; two other circumstances will tend to place her in the lofty position she is destined and entitled to occupy. The first of these is the strict decorum of conduct by which her artistic career has invariably been regulated. Catherine Hayes is, in short, "a good girl," and a lady, in the highest acceptation of these terms. Although young, lovely, and celebrated, her character is not only beyond the possibility of reproach, but beyond the pale of suspicion; calumny itself, with its perverted vision, and its hundred crooked tongues, has never dared to sully her whiteness: the snow on the peak of Slieve Donard is not more pure and spotless than the name of Catherine Hayes. This fact, in conjunction with her great abilities and superior attainments, will account for the unusual intimacy en-

joyed by Catherine Hayes with the nobility and gentry of England and Ireland. The aristocracy of both countries rejoiced in her acquaintance, courted her society, and feted her; the first dignitaries of the Church were proud to acknowledge her as their friend. How far this circumstance will weigh with the American public may be readily surmised.

And who shall attempt to estimate the impression which the "Swan of Erin," will produce in her Irish ballad singing on an American audience? How her hearers will be moved with "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls," or "Savourneen Dheellish," we can easily understand. We know how touchingly beautiful is Katty's voice, how irresistible the pathos and expression of her singing, how simple, unpretending, and pure is her style. Since the days of Miss Stephens—another Katty, by the way, although not another Irish Katty—no ballad singing has been heard which can bear the slightest comparison to that of Catherine Hayes; and, above all, no Irish ballad singing. Never was heard human organ more finely and peculiarly attuned to Irish minstrelsy. There is a plaintiveness in the tone, a sadness, a wail—a voice of beauty in mourning, as it were, for departed joys—which adapts it beyond all other voices for the sorrow and the tears that pervade Irish music.

But Catherine Hayes can surprise and astonish no less than please and delight. In the brilliant displays of Italian music she is no less at home than in the simple ballad school. Her voice has great power, great extent, and infinite beauty in the quality. It is a voice, too, of unusual flexibility and facility, and is managed with consummate art. The intonation is invariably true, and this we take to be the highest and rarest charm in the human voice. Catherine Hayes's high notes are clear and limpid, and fall upon the ear like some exquisitely-toned silver bell. They are penetrating notes, too, and go directly to the heart. The middle tones are round, mellow, and peculiarly strong in a *soprano*. Indeed, many good judges assert that the voice was originally a *contralto*, and that education alone had the effect of bringing it up so high. This we happen to know not to be the case. If education effected anything, it was to strengthen the middle part. When Catherine Hayes first appeared at the Royal Italian Opera, three years ago, her voice had not that fullness and sonority in the middle register which certainly now constitutes one of its greatest charms. She was then very young, and had not attained that physical power which now enables her to infuse so large an amount of dramatic energy into her singing. Catherine Hayes also possesses the low tones of a *contralto*, of considerable beauty and power, and uses them with the greatest judgment and finest effect.

Such a voice, so powerful, so rich, so pure, and of such extent, necessarily enables the singer to essay a variety of styles. We find, therefore, that Catherine Hayes is enabled to sing the *soprano* music of Lind, the *mezzo-soprano* of Grisi, and the *contralto* of Alboni, with equal ease and effect. This wondrous voice finds but one parallel among modern *cantatrice*. We have heard Catherine Hayes, at one concert, sing the grand scena from *Der Freischutz*, the "Casta Diva" from *Norma*, the "Ah! mon fils" from the *Prophete*, besides English, Scotch, and Irish ballads, and all with unequivocal success. Meyerbeer's song, in the *Prophete*, requires unusual extent of voice; unusual power, and intense dramatic feeling. We have attended Catherine Hayes's performance of Bertha, in the *Prophete*, and have been delighted and enchanted with her; after hearing her sing "Ah! mon fils" we should like to see her in Fides; and entertain a strong suspicion we should be still more enchanted and still more delighted.

The reputation won by Catherine Hayes in this country was won honourably and legitimately. She came to England unheralded by puffs, unsupported by faction. She arrived at a time when nearly all the musical talent of the world was congregated together in London. The Lind fury was raging at its highest. The public ear was enrapt in the "Swedish Nightingale." The public eye was dazzled by the brilliancy of the new star. Or, if any escaped the intoxicating lustre of the Lind planet, they were absorbed in the radiance of a Grisi, an Alboni, a Persiani, or a Viardot. Never was period less suited for the *début* of a young artiste. Jenny Lind at Her Majesty's Theatre, and Grisi,



Viardot, and Alboni, at the Royal Italian Opera, occupied every position in the lyric drama, or monopolised the entire favour of the public; but the talent of Catherine Hayes was not to be concealed. Although she was engaged at a moment fatal to a *debutante*, although she appeared in one of Jenny Lind's most popular parts, and when the "Nightingale," too, was playing the same part at another theatre, in spite of prejudice, name, and *prestige*, she achieved a grand success, and was rewarded with the unreserved admiration of the public and the entire press. But Catherine Hayes, at that time, was not the perfect artist she is at the present day. Her progress has been such as to astonish her most ardent admirers. Still very young, the last few years have imparted power and finish to her singing, which previously appeared to require strengthening and ripening. An admirable musician, and a sedulous and most zealous artist, Catherine Hayes, since her advent to this country, has applied herself to the thorough mastery of her profession with heart and soul, and the result has been she has constituted herself an honour and a glory to her art.

The success achieved last year by Catherine Hayes throughout Ireland is unparalleled in the history of music in this country. The land sensation in America alone can be compared with it. The whole of the Emerald Isle, from north to south, from east to west, was taken captive in the singer's thrall. The people were literally frantic wherever Catherine Hayes appeared and sang. The public press teemed with eulogies. All classes were moved alike with the "Swan of Erin." The educated were enraptured with the purity and graces of her style, and that inimitable method which might be quoted as a model. The general public were carried away by her delicious voice, so limpid and so fresh, the glowing warmth of her expression, and her genuine Irish feeling. By the former, the brilliancy of execution, and the dazzling feats of *fioriture*, exemplified in Italian and French airs, were more prized; while the simplicity, truthfulness, and exquisite beauty of her ballad singing, were far more welcome to the latter. In short, the artist won all hearts in a few months; and had it been possible for a Queen to have been chosen from among the Irish themselves, there is not the least doubt but the Emerald throne would be occupied by Catherine Hayes.

After her Hibernian triumphs last year, Catherine Hayes repaired to Rome and some of the Italian States, and created a *furor* wherever she went. The *dilettanti* of the Opera were enchanted with her, and the theatres where she appeared were crowded to excess at every performance. No Englishwoman had previously excited a corresponding sensation in Italy. When at Rome, where there are always a number of English residents of rank and fashion, Catherine Hayes was received in the best society and treated with marked distinction and favour. In fact, so eagerly was the society of the handsome and intelligent Irish *prima donna* sought after by the English aristocracy of Rome, that she was seriously inconvenienced in her professional avocations, and was compelled in consequence to hasten her departure from Rome.

As an actress, Catherine Hayes, like Jenny Lind and Persiani, does not reach the grand tragic sublime of Pasta, Grisi, or Cruvelli. Indeed, her sylph-like figure and perfectly feminine features, are directly opposed to the weight and gravity of a Semiramide, a Medea, or a Donna Anna, while the natural tones of her voice have nothing of the superhuman in them, so essential in characters of the high classic stamp. The strongest passions of a woman, however, including love, hate, revenge, and despair, find an admirable interpreter in Catherine Hayes; witness her Norma and Lucrezia Borgia, which possess infinite dramatic merit. In characters of the tenderly passionate kind, Catherine Hayes feels a ground that gives her a more sure footing. Her Norma and Lucrezia are striking and powerful; her Amina, Lucia, and Linda, are irresistible, from their truthfulness and intensity. The principal features in Catherine Hayes's acting are abandonment to the individuality of her character, fine conception, peculiar power in realizing dramatic abstractions, expression, feeling, energy, and spirit of perseverance, which is sure of carrying her triumphantly through the most arduous assumptions. Catherine Hayes never trifles on the stage. To her, art is the means that conducts to eternal fame. In her dramatic qualifications we must not overlook singularly handsome and

expressive features, a graceful and well-formed person, motions easy and unconstrained, and a whole bearing which suggests the perfection of elegance and gentility.

In Sacred Music, Catherine Hayes is equal to any vocalist of the present day. The solemnity of her expression, a certain religious feeling, which appears native to her, the purity of her voice and her faultless intonation, admirably besit her for the delivery of church music; and the music of the Oratorio. Those only who have heard Catherine Hayes in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, can form an idea of the sublimity and effect of her singing in Sacred Music.

### Reviews of Music.

MENDELSSOHN'S CELEBRATED "CRADLE SONG."—Arranged for the Pianoforte.—J. R. LING.—Duff and Hodgson.

We cannot admire the manner in which Mendelssohn's simple and beautiful cradle-song has been manufactured into a fashionable drawing-room piece by Mr. Ling, who, for the most part, evinces as much discretion in the choice of themes as taste in their arrangement. Mendelssohn, moreover, does not write melodies that look well in the warehouse of the fantasia-mongers. What he has written is best left to its own merits, which are quite sufficient to attract the attention of a large class of admirers, among whom we are proud to rank ourselves. Under these circumstances, it is unnecessary for us to criticise Mr. Ling's piece, which, had it been founded on a more shoppy tune (one of the consumption ballads, for instance, or one of the Nigger melodies), might have passed muster as a showy piece of its kind; but, since it only succeeds in mutilating and disfiguring a thought of intrinsic beauty, we cannot by any consideration, be induced to commend it. Mendelssohn's music is holy ground, and he who approaches it should take off his shoes, and walk barefoot, reverentially.

"CHANT DES CROATES."—Marche Favorite.—Arrangé pour Piano.—J. R. LING.—Joseph Williams.

The "Chant des Croates," which M. Blumenthal has rendered famous, comes more properly within the province of the fantasia-makers, of whom Mr. Ling is certainly one of the most able. He has twisted the candid Croation tune into a *capriccio*, which, by its brilliancy, fluency, and moderate difficulty, will appeal, we have little doubt, successfully, to a large number of players. After a short introduction in G, the canto of the Croats is given to the left hand in the same pitch, with an accompaniment of chords for the right. It is then given to the right hand in octaves, with an accompaniment in triplets for the left. It then devolves again to the left with a brilliant *arpeggio* for the right, the key of G being preserved throughout four pages, without modification. Subsequently occurs an episode in E flat, of two pages duration, in which the subject is prettily played with. The whole concludes with a coda, demanding considerable extension of finger, rapid execution, and much foresight. This is the best part of the fantasia, which we can recommend with conscience.

"YES! I DEARLY LOVE THEE.—Ballad.—J. R. LING.—H. Fentum.

On the present occasion Mr. Ling has been more successful as a vocal writer than as an instrumental. The ballad before us is in A flat, with sweet chords. The melody, not strikingly original, is nevertheless graceful and agreeable, and fully expressive of the words, which are above the ordinary class. It is as simple and unpretending as it is well written, and cannot fail to prove a desirable chamber song.

"THE GIPSY SCHOTTISCHE," for the pianoforte. D. MAGNUS.—Charles Ollivier.

The best part of this Schottische (in D) is the first phrase, which, although it reminds us of a subject from the overture to *La Dame Blanche*, is appropriately characteristic, and from its marked rhythm is well adapted for dancing. The second part, page 2, consists of little more than a progression of chords, and is

therefore not so applicable to the purpose. On the other hand, the commencement of the trio in G is lively and pretty, but the same objection holds with regard to its second part. The writer is evidently a good musician, but is too ambitious of displaying his scholarship.

"DUO DRAMATIQUE," pour piano, sur les motifs de "LA DONNA DEL LAGO," RENAUD DE VILBAC.—Charles Ollivier.

Everybody knows the grand duet of Elena and Huberto in Rossini's sparkling opera, *La Donna del Lago*; we need, therefore, do no more in its respect than take off our caps and avow our continued allegiance to its beauty; and everybody knows the other beautiful airs of the introduction to this ever fresh, charming, and unjustly mutilated work; we therefore need do no more in their respect than ditto, ditto. M. Renaud de Vilbac has manufactured these old friends into a brilliant pot-pourri, which, if length be a distinction, is distinguished by length. But let us be just. Length is not the only remarkable quality of M. Vilbac's pot-pourri, and, although we certainly prefer to hear the *motivi cantabile* and *cabaletta* of the lady of Loch Katrine, from the vigorous and mellifluous throats of Grisi, Mario, and Tambrlik, M. de Vilbac has connected them together in so easy and graceful a manner, and has sprinkled them over with so many light and brilliant passages, that two competent performers can hardly fail to render his pot-pourri an agreeable and effective pianoforte duet.

GERMAN ILLUSTRATIONS.—SIX LIEDER selected from the best composers—Book 1, SULEIKA—MENDELSSOHN—LIEBESBOTSCHAFT—A. FESCA. Book 2, WIEGEN-LIED—A. FESCA; AN ADELAIDE—C. KREBS. Book 3, DER GILSTREIN—FER. GUMBERT—AUF DEM BERGE—LINDBLAD. Transcribed for the pianoforte by T. RUMMEL.—Charles Ollivier.

In his arrangement of Mendelssohn's first song of "Suleika," in E minor (which must be carefully distinguished from the second in E major, comprised in the set of six songs, dedicated to Miss Dolby), Mr. Rummel has shewn himself, not only an able adapter, but a real appreciator of fine music. He has respected every note of the original, has preserved the harmonies of Mendelssohn untouched, and, while giving the full vocal effect of the melody on the piano, has contrived to adhere, with unswerving strictness, to the character and design of Mendelssohn's accompaniments. The "Suleika," as it stands in Mr. Rummel's selection, may take its place by the side of the best *Lieder ohne Worte*, since it is as beautiful as any of them, and equally well suited to produce effect as a solo piece. We have rarely indeed seen an arrangement more commendable for skill, judgment, and irreproachable good taste. Mr. Rummel has dedicated his arrangement to Miss Emma Goodman, a young, talented, and promising pianist.

Fesca's song, No. 2 in book 1, called "Messager d'Amour," in B minor, bolero style, has, it would seem, inspired Mr. Rummel with less reverence, since he has taken the liberty of ornamenting it with a variety of florid passages which, while they enable the executant to display his power over the instrument, do not in any way affect the interest of the melody, which might be represented by a very minute algebraical equivalent. We, therefore, cannot quarrel with Mr. Rummel for taking liberties with Herr Fesca, since what he has added decidedly enhances the effect of the song as a pianoforte piece.

Another song of Fesca's—*Wiegen-lied* (cradle song), in B flat, a tame, monotonous, but not altogether unsoothing effusion, which opens the second book, is treated by Mr. Rummel with more respect, the alterations being confined to simple transpositions of the situation of the accompaniment, which he has effected very cleverly. This *lied* might pass without censure, as a pretty and inoffensive trifle, were it not for a transition from B flat to B natural, and back again, which occurs twice in the last two lines, page 12, and is exceedingly unnatural and obtrusive.

The next song of the second book, "An Adelaide" (To Adelaide), by one Krebs, well known in his native soil as a prolific writer of moonlight ballads, is in the sentimental style, with B flat for a key. After the opening symphony Mr. Rummel, in order to give the opening canto with due effect on the violoncello part of

the instrument, and to preserve intact the arpeggio von Krebs, is enlarged to the expedient of laying out his plan in three staves instead of the ordinary two—two staves for the left hand and one for the right, the last in the middle, whereby the tune is stove in the centre (to keep it warm) and stands, for which it is well suited, in the order of a parenthesis, leaving it to the discretion of the executant to omit it altogether, which it is not unlikely he will do, since nothing will be lost by its absence, but much confusion is chewed. This *lied* concludes with a recapitulation of the theme, with an accompaniment after the manner of Schubert's "Ave Maria," of which, nevertheless, it was but a glimmering reflex. Brief—Herr Krebs's "An Adelaide" is one of the feeblest musical apostrophes ever addressed to a lady with so pretty a name. Mr. Rummel, notwithstanding, must be praised for the skilful manner in which he has arranged it.

Of the two songs contained in the third and last book, that in F, of Lindblad, a popular Swiss composer, is the simplest and the best. It is in the ballad style, and Mr. Rummel has arranged it in the happiest manner, preserving with equal completeness both the melody and accompaniment of the original. The song of Gumbert, in G flat, is longer, more ambitious and more difficult, and less interesting in an equal proportion. In page 20, Mr. Rummel has considerably increased the difficulty by an elaborate arpeggio passage in the bass. Doubtless this *lied* will find admirers, from its showy character; but there is a want of freshness in the melody which is not atoned for by the great display in the harmony and accompaniment.

To conclude, we can strongly recommend these arrangements of Mr. Rummel as among the best of their kind which have come under our notice, and should be proceed with them, a wide field is open before him, which it is evident he possesses both the taste and the industry to explore with advantage.

### Dramatic Intelligence.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—FRENCH PLAYS.—On Friday, the 14th, Corneille's tragedy of *Les Horaces* was performed. As regards the play itself we know of no tragedy in the French classical repertoire more replete with interest and legitimate excitement. All the parts are good, those of the men more particularly fall little short of the demi-gods of antiquity; the language put into their mouths is majestic, and, in several instances, sublime; the sentiments expressed are of the highest order of patriotism and self denial; the love of country, as an abstraction, is predominant in the breasts of all, banishing other emotions. In the midst, however, stands one solitary exception—Camille. She alone comes out as an individuality, totally apart from the stern and unbending beings who surround her. Her brother, her father, her sister, even her lover, to whom she is entirely and exclusively devoted, have no feeling in common with her. To her, patriotism, glory, honour are nothing; and even her country is a thing to curse when it stands in the way of her affection for her lover. It is true that she hesitates for a moment, when calculating the fatal consequences of this family duel. Whatever the issue—whether Rome or Alba conquer, whether the Horatii or the Curiatii be victors; her heart bleeds at the fatal necessity—the horrible fatality of such an alternative. Yet she evidently leans to Curiatius, though influenced by selfish considerations and opposed to persons who stand forth as models of inhuman virtue. Camille is not a creature to be pitied. She is a heroine, a martyr to one feeling, and that feeling makes us excuse the absence of every other. Her love is her only sentiment. She is so exclusively swayed by it that we are carried away by its grandeur, moved by the excess of her devotion, and without reflection sympathize with her feeling and join with her, heart and soul, in the curse which she invokes upon the infant republic.



Of all the characters of this noble poem, however, that of Camille would seem, on a first reading, to be the most insignificant. We confess that such was our opinion until Mademoiselle Rachel gave it a life and character. The wonderful bye-play by which, during the recital of her lover's death, she is enabled, without uttering a single word, to tell an elaborate tale of internal grief; the change from insensibility to an agony of despair, and the concluding paroxysm of fury, must always produce an immense effect, on account of their force and reality. It is difficult to find words to express our admiration of Mdlle. Rachel's acting. When we say that we have already proclaimed her perfect, it would seem absurd to report any further progress, any new excellence. The fact is, however, that every new study of Mdlle. Rachel's impersonations reveals some new feature, something not before noticed, from the impossibility of conceiving at once all the excellence of her portraiture. The attitudes, aided by her exquisitely classical drapery, the subtlety with which the meaning of every line was elicited, the eloquent gestures, the perfect command over the voice, now broken with anguish, now swelling with indignation; form an *ensemble* of histrionic excellence that at once astonishes and awes the spectator. Camille is certainly one of Mdlle. Rachel's most magnificent creations. It were almost heresy to say so, but we feel justified, after mature reflection, in submitting our opinion, that if Pierre Corneille wrote the tragedy of "*Les Horaces*," Mademoiselle Rachel created the part of Camille.

On Saturday last, we saw Mademoiselle Rachel in a part entirely different from those in which we have hitherto been accustomed to see her. Of the play itself, *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, we shall give no description. Those who are curious on the matter had better refer to the account given in this paper of the translation, now being played at the Princess's Theatre, under the title of *The Duke's Wager*. In the original there is no very high order of literary merit, nor do the characters excite in any way our sympathies, with the sole exception of the heroine. We may add that the play is not put on the stage with that completeness to which we have been accustomed at this theatre. Excepting Mdlle. Rachel and M. Raphael, the parts are very indifferently cast. The walking gentlemen representing Dukes, Counts, Barons, Marquisses, and others of the same genus, resemble a collection of "Pères Nobles" and "Confidantes," from the heroic ages downwards. They are so accustomed to scan their words, and round their periods, that they seem to have lost the faculty of talking common prose. The elegant Richieu is as stiff as a drill sergeant; Le Duc d'Aumant, besides being unshaven, is minus his best teeth which is fatal to his enunciation. The others have no cause to complain of the scarcity of amorous adventures; and the gallantry and *persiflage* of the wits of the dissipated courtiers of Louis XV. becomes sheer impertinence proceeding from such a source. The part of *D'Aubigny* was, however, well played by M. Raphael. He had no easy task to bear up against the mediocrities by which he was surrounded. Mdlle. Rachel's part, which was that of a simple, modest, unassuming young girl, with no knowledge of court intrigues, offers but little scope for the display of the great powers with which the incomparable tragedian is endowed. There are no violent scenes of passion or despair, yet Mdlle. Rachel moved us to tears by her simple, earnest pleading for her father's liberty. Her dress was simple in the extreme, and befitting one whose father had been an inmate of a state prison upwards of three years. Her demeanour was that of a gentlewoman of high birth; her emotion warmly expressed but never verging upon rant. All was sobered down to suit the character; every look, every gesture, measured to the part. A more complete transformation we

never witnessed. We cannot go so far as to say that Mdlle. Rachel is as great in comedy as in tragedy. The play of *Mdlle. de Belle-Isle* gives no fair criterion of her powers; and we opine that the present company is not at all equal to comedy. Where all the actors are bad, with one or two exceptions, the *ensemble* must suffer, and even the greatest actress of modern times loses much of her brilliancy by this *entourage* of inferior artistes, who, instead of aiding, help to mar her best effects.

On the whole, however, we were much pleased with this new conception of the great *tragedienne*. Her success was unequivocal, and, if the applause was not so loud or so frequent as usual, the emotion excited was genuine and unanimous. Though there was nothing to give room for powerful expression or to excite a storm of applause, all must have sympathised with the plain, simple, and unassuming heroine, and have treasured up in their memory the numerous beauties of Mdlle. Rachel's impersonation.

We understand that Victor Hugo's drama of *Angelo* will be shortly produced. We can also assure our readers that the new play of *Valeria* will be given, all the difficulties which stood in the way of its representation having been removed to the satisfaction of the great autocrat of dramatic literature.

J. DE C—.

On Tuesday afternoon M. Levassor gave his second entertainment, entitled *Une Heure de Recréation Comique*. The programme announced three *chansonnettes* and two *scènes comiques*, performed in costume. The *chansonnettes* were, "Le Magister du Village," "Un Homme à Marier," and "l'Histoire de Cendrillon;" the comic scenes, "Le Père Latreille" and "Les Tribulations d'un Choriste." Nothing could be better calculated to display M. Levassor's qualities as an artist than these sketches, each following the other without pause, and all perfectly distinct in their characteristics, and presenting a set of pictures in which a most careful and minute study of the comedy of every-day life is revealed in a few pregnant touches. M. Levassor presents a striking example of what intelligence, taste, and devoted study can accomplish, in the face of considerable difficulties. With a voice which could never have inspired him with any gratitude to nature, he is able to convey every variety of musical expression, and the very defects of his organ are skilfully turned to advantage in the production of absurd and unexpected effects. His versatility is apparently inexhaustible; in the course of an hour he is jovial and tender, youthful and decrepit, drunk and sober, refined and vulgar, eccentric and common-place, gliding without effort through every grade of humanity, through every stage of life. In the *Magister du Village*, the homely moralities of the old village dominie were given with refined sentiment, and the burst of senile gaiety in the *refrain* winding up each stanza received a fresh shade of expression at each recurrence. The second *chansonnette* is a sort of lyrical "Coclebs in search of a wife," in which a bachelor is represented in the unsuccessful pursuit of matrimony through five decennial periods, from youth to the brink of the grave. The characteristics of each stage, and the gradual transition from youth to extreme age, were indicated with wonderful truth. In *Le Père Latreille*, which was sung in costume, we have a picture of a talkative old drunkard worthy of Charlet's pencil. His entrance, rolling round the edge of the scene and advancing to the front with an attempt to convert his unsteadiness into a gingerly swagger, had a most ludicrous effect, and transported one at once to the *barrières*, where the effects of the *vin bleu* may be studied on a score of such individuals. The scene in which are set forth the miseries of a chorus singer is already familiar to us; but the accuracy of the portrait, and

the every-day truth of its absurdities, render it always acceptable. M. Levassor was not allowed to adhere to the strict measure of entertainment promised in the bill, and when the programme was exhausted, a call was made for "Titi à la représentation de Robert," to which he graciously acceded. That M. Levassor is thoroughly appreciated by the supporters of the St. James's was evidenced by a very full audience, and the thorough enjoyment they manifested at the performance.

**HAYMARKET.**—Ambrose Thomas's admirable little opera buffon, *Le Caid*, done into tolerable English, and called, *The Cadi*; or, *Amours among the Moors*, was produced on Wednesday, and met with a favourable reception, in spite of its being misunderstood by the singers, and not appreciated by the public. The great mistake was producing the *Caid* at a theatre but newly devoted to opera. In order to understand a burlesque well, it is necessary to understand the original which suggests the exaggeration. The visitors to the Haymarket were not accustomed to opera, and consequently could not be supposed to enter into the merits of its travesty. But the artists themselves did not appear to comprehend the wide and essential difference between the opera comique and the opera buffon. Miss Louisa Pyne sang charmingly, the music being exactly suited to her, and acted with spirit and animation, but it was all real, there was no caricature. The same may be said of Mr. Weiss, who played the Drum-Major, and Mr. Donald King, who played Birotteau. It was not surprising, therefore, that the fun of the opera was entirely lost. After some few rehearsals, when the singers begin to know what they ought to be about, and the spectators gain a glimmering of the composer's intentions, we have no doubt the *Cadi* will prove attractive, as the music is exceedingly pretty, and the opera has been got up in a most creditable manner.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

*Il Prodigio* was repeated on Saturday for the second time and proved infinitely more attractive than on the Thursday, inasmuch as the long delays between the acts were considerably reduced, and the fourth and fifth acts were merged into one, thereby effecting a great saving of time. The only thing to be lamented is the necessity for cutting some of the music. But this could hardly be avoided. The *Enfant Prodigue* is a very long work, and although it is in no part tedious or trivial, to keep attention alive for five hours is perhaps beyond the power of any opera. That the *Enfant Prodigue* is the longest work ever produced at Her Majesty's Theatre is proved by the unusual fact that no ballet or divertissement is given after the opera, the ballets in the second and third acts being found sufficiently long and important to preclude any subsequent entertainment of the kind. Indeed it would be hardly fair to give any ballet after the exquisite music and the brilliant dances of the *Enfant Prodigue*. In our last notice we said that the dance-music in the *Prodigo* was only inferior to that of *Masaniello* or *Gustave*. Repeated hearings have so raised it in our estimation that we are inclined to place it by the side of these masterpieces of the operatic ballet. Never was Auber's melodic genius made more manifest than in the *airs de ballet* of the *Prodigo*, all of which have a freshness and a charm worthy the immortal author's happiest moments of inspiration. It appears to be the opinion of some rigid critics of the present day, that the introduction of ballets into grand operas is a questionable act of policy. For our part we agree entirely with French composers on this head, and consider the ballet an indispensable element of the grand

opera. What would *Guillaume Tell* be without its *airs de ballet*? In fact we are of opinion that Rossini's *chef-d'œuvre* has never been heard to thorough advantage in this country, because the ballet has been sacrificed. Of one thing there can be no question, that the ballet music in the *Enfant Prodigue* is among its very greatest attractions, and Balfe no doubt was of our thinking, since he would not permit a single bar to be excised. The manner in which the different dances are got up at Her Majesty's Theatre, with its unparalleled corps, no doubt tends to the attraction; but neither the talents of M. Paul Taglioni, which were never made more manifest than in the *divertissements* in the new opera, nor those of the costurier, whose taste and knowledge of effects were never rendered more conspicuous, could procure for the ballet the sensation it creates every night, with music less captivating and graceful than that of Auber.

In addition to the ballet music, the pieces which continue to obtain the most share of public applause are, Jeftele's first song, exquisitely sung by Madame Sontag; the two romanzas of Nette, in the first and fourth acts, warbled with infinite volubility and surprising brilliancy by Madame Ugalde—who has already become an immense favourite with the *habitués* of the theatre; Massol's appeal song in the second act, which nightly produces an overpowering effect; Azaël's aria in the last act, charmingly sung by Gardoni; and the arietta of Boccoris, given by Coletti with great power and expression. To these *morceaux* the public attention is especially drawn by the admirable singing of the principal artists: but, if not so attractive, no less delightful to us is the concerted music, which abounds in beauties of the most *piquante* and graceful kind. Indeed some of the music is perfectly irresistible, and instantaneously declares the master hand of the composer of *La Muette*.

On Tuesday, the third repeat of *Il Prodigio* attracted a large crowd of fashionables. The Queen, Prince Albert, and suite were present. Her Majesty testified her approbation of the performance, in every scene, in a manner not to be mistaken. The opera decidedly gains with the public nightly, as the music becomes better known, and the singers get better acquainted with their parts. The working and machinery now goes so smoothly and freely that nearly an hour is saved in the performance. This is a great matter with an anxious and impatient audience.

*Gustave* was announced for Wednesday—a grand extra night—but, in consequence of Mdle. Caroline Duprez' indisposition, was changed for *Norma*, with Cruvelli. The visitors to Her Majesty's Theatre on Wednesday night had no cause to lament the alteration. Cruvelli was in splendid force, and created a *furor*. She was recalled several times during the performance, and twice at the end, and received with the utmost enthusiasm.

*Il Prodigio* was given for the fourth and fifth times, on Thursday, and last night.

*Fidelio* to-night—with, first time, for some years, the popular ballet *La Sylphide*, in which Marie Taglioni, the young, the charming, the hilarious, the bounding, with her fire-new laurels from Warsaw—where, in presence of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, by the magic of her twinkling feet, she created a revolution of hearts, and obtained an ovation similar to those awarded to her illustrious relatives in the palmiest days of the ballet—will make her first appearance this season. That Marie will be welcomed with enthusiasm there can be no doubt. She reckons among her admirers all the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Many novelties are in preparation. Thalberg's new opera



is being rehearsed. *Semiramide* will be produced shortly, and *Ernani*, both for Crivelli. The public should be grateful for such plentiful fare.

The first grand concert for the season took place on Monday morning, in presence of a crowded and fashionable audience, attracted by a programme in which the whole strength of the company was announced to take part. With the exception of M. Masson, who did not appear, the pledges of the advertisement were fulfilled to the letter. We cannot pretend to enter into a detailed description of a performance comprising nearly thirty pieces, vocal and instrumental: nor, indeed, is it necessary, since a large part of the programme was absorbed by popular and well-known compositions, the novelties of importance being few and far between. We shall therefore adhere to the principal features.

The announcement of some of the original MSS. of the celebrated violinist, Paganini, with Signor Camillo Sivori as executant, excited a vast deal of curiosity. Paganini's compositions have for the most part, been a sealed book to amateurs and professors of the violin. It is unnecessary to premise, that during the lifetime of the great Italian violinist they were never published, and that certain fragments, which since his death have found their way into print, have generally been suspected as spurious. It is, perhaps, to this, in a great measure, that the mysterious fame of Paganini as a composer may be traced. There is always a price set upon that which cannot be easily obtained; and none knew this better than he, who, as a mere executant, won for himself a higher reputation than any other instrumental performer of whom the history of the art makes mention. We are led to believe that Paganini was well aware of his comparative deficiency in those qualities which help to form a great musician—invention and science—and that, feeling it impossible to make a name as a composer at all worthy of association with that which he enjoyed as a violinist, he adopted the precaution of withholding his works from the world. Notoriously jealous of the new effects he had discovered in the mechanism of his instrument, which were of course set forth and illustrated in his compositions, the best way of keeping them to himself was to prevent his MSS. from falling into the hands of the music publishers. He accordingly refused all applications for purchasing the copyright of his pieces, and at his death bequeathed them to an institution in his native town, with the proviso that they should never be engraved. We are further induced to this conclusion by the specimens submitted yesterday to the public, which enjoyed the advantage of Signor Sivori's admirable talent, and were consequently brought forward under the most favourable auspices. We own that our disappointment was not great, since we never entertained a very high notion of Paganini's genius as a composer, except of *morceaux de caractère*, chiefly remarkable for the novel turn of their *trills de bravoure* and the wide field they opened to the ambitious executant. Those, however, who have been taught to regard Paganini as a composer of large endowments and striking originality, must have been fairly surprised at listening to such an unmitigated platitude as the "concerto" in E-flat—a *concerto*, so called, but in reality nothing better than a *fantasia*. Hardly less must they have been disappointed at *Le Streghe* (or "Witches' Dance") which, compared with some of the more modern solos of Vieuxtemps and Ernst, is little better than a *bagatelle*. Signor Sivori did his utmost to give effect to these compositions, and exhibited his usual beauty of tone, purity and elegance of style, and wonderful command of the instrument; by far the most noticeable piece of execution, however, was the *cadenza*, introduced into the *concerto*, which was not by Paganini, but by Signor Sivori himself. In the "Witches' Dance," a variation, introducing double harmonies, was that which created most curiosity. Signor Sivori was immensely applauded, and recalled after both his performances; but we think the honour was due rather to his own talent as a violinist than to the music attributed to Paganini. He was accompanied by the orchestra in a very unfinished manner—so much so, indeed, that it led to a doubt whether he had enjoyed the previous advantage of a rehearsal.

The overtures to *Fernand Cortez* (Spontini), *Anacreon* (Cherubini), and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* were allotted to the band,

and the *Anacreon* was played in first rate style under the spirited direction of Mr. Balfe. When the third part of the concert began, however, the performances had already extended to so great a length that the overture by Mendelssohn was passed over and the vocal music proceeded with. After two or three pieces, however, there was a call for the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*." What began with a few voices soon engaged the sympathy of the majority, and Mr. Balfe, very wisely acceding to the expressed wish of the audience, opened the score, and the overture was performed, not so well as could be desired, or as it would doubtless have been, introduced in its proper place, but well enough, at all events, to satisfy the public, who naturally objected to being deprived, without notice of the *chef d'œuvre* of one of the greatest composers for the orchestra, and one of the prominent features of the programme.

The vocal selection was as attractive as variety and great names could make it. Madame Sontag's perfect style and faultless vocalisation were strikingly exhibited in "The soldier t'rd," and in Eckert's "Swiss air, with variations"—the latter of which was encored and repeated. Mdlle. Caroline Duprez, although apparently indisposed, displayed her usual neatness and facility in "Je suis une fille Maure," from Balfe's opera *L'Etoile de Seville*. Madame Fiorentini's fine soprano voice imparted due weight to the solo vocal part in the "Inflammatus," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; and Madame Ugalde created the utmost sensation by her prodigious volubility in the grand air from *Le Caid*, the well-known opera of Ambroise Thomas, which owes much of its fame in Paris to the talent and popularity of the charming *prima donna* of the Opera Comique. In the *Tyrolienne* from *Betty* Madame Ugalde also made a great effort, but in this she had the recollections of the incomparable Alboni to fight against. Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Gardoni, and Signor Calzolari had each a solo: That of Mr. Sims Reeves, the fine air, "Fin dalla prima infanzia," from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauride*, was sung by our English tenor with a classical feeling that betokened a thorough appreciation of the music. The dashing trio of Curschmann, "Vivo Bacco," by the three first tenors of the establishment, was one of the most successful pieces in the programme. Another trio, the popular "Le faccio un inchino," from *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, brought the talents of Madame Sontag, Mdlles. Caroline Duprez and Ida Bertrand, into effective combination; and a third, "Te sol, quest'anima," the best piece in Verdi's *Attila*, faultlessly executed by Mdlle. Sophie Crivelli, Signors Gardoni and Coletti, obtained a recall for the executants. The *buffa* duet, "Un segreto" (*Cenerentola*), brought out the comic nerve of "the great Lablache" and his clever son Frederick in a forcible manner and to the evident amusement of the audience. Mdlle. Marie Crivelli, the *contralto*, whose recent appearance at Madame Puzzi's concert was so favourably noticed, in a duet with her gifted sister Sophie, "Sappi che un rio dovere," confirmed the good impression she made on that occasion. Mdlle. Marie Crivelli is evidently a singer of experience and accomplishments, with a voice both flexible and agreeable, and the duet, one of the gems of Rossini's forgotten opera, *Blanca e Faliero*, was received with unanimous applause. One of the most genuine sensations in the course of the whole concert was produced by the aria, "Nel dolce canto," which, for some unexplained reason, was deferred almost to the end, although its place in the printed bills was that of the first piece in the third part. Those who did not remain to hear Mdlle. Crivelli sing this animated composition of Benedict and De Beriot lost one of the most brilliant displays of vocal facility for a long time heard in a concert room. The extraordinary compass of this young lady's voice, which is as full and beautiful in the bass as in the treble register, has here fine scope for development, and advantage was taken by Mdlle. Crivelli of the abundant resources with which nature has endowed her. Her ornaments, cadences, and *flourishes*, as original as they were elaborate, were executed with an energy and finish that left nothing to desire. The applause was enthusiastic, and the demand for repetition unanimous; but, with her usual good sense, Mdlle. Crivelli was satisfied to return to the stage and bow her acknowledgements to the audience. Mdlle. Alayne sang "Robert, toi que j'aime" with great expression; and Mdlle. Giuliani took part in several pieces with her accustomed ability and

correctness. We can only find space to add that among the full pieces were a "Te Deum" by Mozart, a quartet from *Oberon*, a trio from *Der Freischütz*, a selection from Beethoven's First Mass in C; a quintet from Mozart's *Così Fan Tutti*; a scene, with chorus, from Gluck's *Armida*; and Martini's laughing trio, "Vadasi via di qua," in which all the principal singers joined in chorus. Mr. Balfé conducted the entire concert (except in the violin solos of Signor Sivori) with his accustomed zeal and talent. Had the programme been half as long it would have been at least twice as entertaining. "Enough is as good as a feast."—*Times*.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The third performance of *Don Giovanni*, on Saturday night, demands a short record for more reasons than one. First, Her Majesty the Queen, at whose special desire the opera was repeated, arrived at the beginning, and remained until the end. Second, the audience was, perhaps, the largest ever congregated within the walls of Covent-garden Theatre since it opened as the Royal Italian Opera, many hundreds being sent away from the doors. And, lastly, there were some changes in the representation of the scene where the statue comes to sup with Don Giovanni, which, if not accomplishing all that is desirable in the shape of reform, in a great degree modified the absurdities against which we have so constantly felt bound to protest, as subversive of the combined effect intended by dramatist and composer. The attendance of the highest personage of the realm on two consecutive occasions to listen to such a work as *Don Giovanni* is a good sign. The immense confluence of the public at this third representation, within the space of little more than a week, is also a good sign; and the desire (now for the first time evinced) on the part of the management to restore to the finest scene in the Italian lyric drama that solemnity which has been too frequently transmuted into an empty joke, to the utter destruction of the music, is a matter of congratulation to all who have faith in the art as a medium of expressing the loftiest poetical ideas. On Saturday night the table at which Don Giovanni is feasting was placed near the "wings," instead of in the middle of the stage, whereby the ridiculous necessity of its being removed by domestics at the entry of the statue was done away with. Another improvement was observed in the costume of the ghost, which was whiter, more nearly approaching the semblance of a stone statue, and consequently more favourable to the scenic illusion; and, to conclude, the company of hybrid imps, a sort of cross between ghouls and torch-bearers, who were accustomed to drag Don Giovanni into the midst of an inexplicable *tableau* at the back of the stage, were replaced by some respectable-looking fiends, in flaming attire, who capture the person of the condemned libertine, and are supposed to cast him into a burning gulf—the representation of which catastrophe was admirably managed; the effigy of the Don bearing a sufficiently strong similarity to Tamburini, and the gulf being painted with appropriate horrors. Such decided improvements (which we are given to understand, were suggested by the Queen herself) are to be highly commended; but the commendation would have been without reserve could we have added that the courtesans introduced at Don Giovanni's supper table, without authority from the *libretto*, had been abandoned. Time, however, may effect this also, and we shall continue to look forward with the hope, at some future period, of seeing Mozart's *chef d'œuvre* performed literally in accordance with the bequests of tradition and the rules of dramatic propriety. The general execution of the opera was admirable. The singers were all in good voice, and worked zealously at their

tasks. We have also much pleasure in recording that only two of the many "encores" were accepted—the *trio* of the masks in the first *finale*, and the "Il mio tesoro" of Signor Tamberlik, which latter was so vehement and unanimous that it could not be decently resisted.

We notice the second performance of *La Favorita* on Tuesday night merely to record that Signor Mario was so much restored that his performance of Fernando was almost equal to his best efforts when in perfect health. He sang both his airs divinely, and in the first duet emulated Grisi in energy and spirit. Both the accomplished artists were recalled at the fall of the curtain. The house was crowded to overflowing.

On Thursday *Roberto il Diavolo* was repeated to another crowded house. The performance was very striking, but presented no new points for criticism.

To night Mde. Pauline Viardot Garcia makes her *réentrée* in Meyerbeer's grand opera, the *Prophète*. On Thursday, we believe, Ronconi will appear in the *Barbiere*, much to the delight of the subscribers and the public, who comprehend the services of the little great man—the Italian Kean. Meanwhile Mr. Gye must be making a rapid fortune, and *Sappho* will shortly be placed in rehearsal.

#### FIDELIO.

(Continued from our last.)

Pizarro, the governor of the prison, enters with a detachment of soldiers, and the great gates are opened to admit them. Here we have a march, which, in our esteem, forms a kind of resting place for the hearer's attention before entering upon music of the most intense passion, which illustrates the lofty and really poetical character of the drama. In the music that precedes this march, the most unimportant piece in the opera, we find the most felicitous application of musicianly skill and contrapuntal elaboration supplying the place of that expression of powerful feeling with which the remainder of the opera is so eminently replete. The ideas are all light, because the dramatic action calls for nothing earnest; but the music is saved from triviality by the interesting and truly artistic manner in which they are treated. It is only in the *trio* when, for the first time, the character of Leonore and the situation in which she is placed begin to be unfolded, that any expression of the higher order is aimed at; but even in this the contrivance is still striving for mastery over the feeling of the artist, and we are much more pleased than excited by the effect it produces. The march has nothing whatever to express, and in it nothing whatever is expressed; it is not grand, nor brilliant, nor solemn, nor lively, nor elaborate, nor anything, in fact, more or less than a piece of rather quaint and certainly pleasing indifference, a piece of careless quietness before the outbreak of the fiercest passions. The instrumentation is somewhat original, but rather piquant and peculiar than powerful. The phrase that opens the second part is melodious, and the gradual progression to D minor smooth. The transition from this key to B flat is bold, though perfectly simple, and therefore striking; while the passage of contrary motion, for three bars previous to coming on the dominant of G minor, has a broad and expansive effect.

The governor gives directions for the placing of the watch by Leonore. Rokko delivers to him the letters brought by Leonore. He reads many, with impatience at the commands and reprimands with which they are fraught. One from a confidant awakens his earnest attention. It tells that the minister, suspecting some of the state prisoners to be



unjust victims of arbitrary power, has started, privately, for the purpose of investigating Pizzaro's administration of his office, and intends to surprise him with a visit. Pizzaro is embarrassed at the thought that Florestan, who has for long been supposed dead, will be discovered among the prisoners, when the thought that one bold deed will free him from his difficulties fills the tyrant with a fierce and demoniacal energy. This introduces the wonderful song "Ach, welch ein Augenblick!" in which the furious tumult of the wildest passions is delineated with a truth that is almost sublime. The spirit of dreadful exultation with which the song opens is checked by the remembrance of the indignity which has provoked the vengeance of the implacable Pizzaro, and this again is interrupted by the cry of ecstasy with which he exclaims—

"Nun ist es mir geworden  
Den Mörder selbst zu morden."

The intensity of expression given to this feeling is still heightened on the recapitulation of the several ideas that constitute what we may regard as the first part of the movement, when the modulations become more extraneous. The burst into D major, at the recurrence of the phrase already cited, when the tyrant rejoices that "now," (and the word is given with almost superhuman emphasis), it is for him to murder the man who would have been his assassin, is prodigiously fine. This, however, is not the climax. There is a still more powerful passage, conveying the same desperate feeling of savage exultation, at the words "Triumph, der sieg ist mein!" in which, most particularly, we recognise the likeness to a prominent passage in the fine song of Caspar in *Der Freischütz*, expressive of a similar passion, of which song, indeed, the wonderful conception of Beethoven was unquestionably the prototype. The torrent of passion is stayed for a moment, and the close of the song delayed for a still more powerful climax, by the subdued muttering of the chorus, who are terror-stricken at the wild manner of their governor—"He spake of death and wounds!—how earnest must it be!" The abrupt change of key with which this is introduced and the gradually stealing crawl of the modulation, which brings us back to the original tone, produces an effect that cannot be felt without a shudder. The conclusion is worthy of the whole, and this is the utmost that can be said in admiration of it. There are two things that call for special notice in what we may call the mechanism of this piece of music. These are, first, the peculiar coloring that is given to the whole by the somewhat singular employment of the two trombones, which are now introduced for the first time into the score, and which are only employed in this opera, as in the *Don Giovanni* and *Zauberflöte* of Mozart, to give a peculiarity of coloring, not a mere accession of noise to the orchestra; second, the very low notes to which the chorus parts are confined, until immediately before the very end of the movement—to which, no less than to the strange harmonies by which they are introduced, is to be ascribed the thrilling effect which they cannot fail to convey.

Pizzaro dismisses the guard to their posts, directing a trumpeter to keep watch on the tower, and give instant signal of the approach of any party on the road from the capital. He resolves to try to win old Rokko to his purpose, doubtful, whether, without his aid, he can accomplish it. We have now what we are almost tempted to call the best piece of the whole opera, and only hesitate in the declaration of such an opinion of its pre-eminent excellence, from the conviction that we shall be so fascinated by the beauty of some of the later movements as to be, in considering them, for the time, forgetful of the transcendent beauty of this which we are now about to

examine—namely, the duet "Jetzt, Alter, hat es Eile." We find in this duet, a complete masterpiece of dramatic declamation, illustrated by the most vivid of possible orchestral coloring; and we might with justice dismiss it to the examination of our readers, saying simply—read the words, and find their all powerful meaning truthfully and most powerfully rendered in the music—but that in the fulfilment of this task of analyzing the work, which more than any in all the range of dramatic music excites us, and making as it were a chart of the manifold beauties it contains, we may forego the satisfaction of entering fully and carefully into the description of this very highly interesting portion of it. Pizzaro addresses the old gaoler in terms of rough but forced familiarity, the inward devil manifest in his tone, although the assumed friend is sought to be implied in his words. He tells him, suddenly, abruptly, or, we may say bluffly, because he cannot even pretend gentleness, that his fortune is made, that he will become a rich man. Then, throwing him a purse, he says, with truly ironical expression, that this is but an earnest of what will follow, and the audience, who know his designs, feel a deep import in the meaning his tone conveys. The simple hearted Rokko, in the most natural, innocent, and suspicionless manner, begs Pizzaro to say, in earnest, in what he may serve him. The governor, instead of a direct reply, resuming his rough, unbroken manner, goes on—"Thou hast acquired cold blood and undaunted courage"—and then, with the same tone of deep irony as before, "through your long service under me in the prison." This last half parenthetical phrase being set to the same music as that phrase in Pizzaro's first solo which seems one-third to tempt, and two-thirds to threaten, in saying that the gold is but the commencement of the favors he intends to heap upon his listener, thus gives the key to the expression intended in the former passage. The gaoler, with his wonted simplicity, asks again, "What shall I?—speak," to the same music as was before assigned to him. Then Pizzaro, with one word—that word a whole language—the entire power of speech concentrated in two syllables, suddenly throwing off all counterfeit, precipitates the old man into the depths of his evil purpose, and casts at once a spell over the character, and constitution, and feelings of his client, which shuts for ever the daylight out of his heart. "Mörder," says the governor, and with such intensity of meaning in the word declaimed, that we revolt with instinctive horror, and natural terror, at the crime, from the awful perversion of instinct and outrage of nature in the criminal who names it. To descend to technicalities; here the most consummate genius is displayed, in the wonderful application of the extremest resources of the all skilled musician's art to the impressive setting of this deep-meaning word. The sudden change of key, the peculiar distribution of the harmony, the still more extraordinary resolution of it upon a more poignant, a more unusual, and a more startling dissonance for the second syllable, and, most of all, the singular interval of the voice part, conduce to an effect that is always beyond admiration. The blank wonder, scarcely varying from disbelief, of Rokko, is also finely rendered in his monosyllabic exclamation, on the resolution of the second discord. The rugged manner of Pizzaro is well resumed in the expostulation, "But listen to me—you tremble—are you a man?" and then he assumes a slimy, false expression, serpentlike in purpose, and almost in power of fascination, when saying, "We may not delay—the state requires that the bad subject should quickly be removed from our path." The unexpected modulation to G, the peculiar phrase assigned to the oboes and violoncellos, and the equally peculiar tone produced by this combination of instruments, give marvellously the meaning of the beginning of this solo; and the fiercer manner, and the return to the key of

F sharp minor, for the last words, distinguish forcibly between the naming of the deed and the sophistical attempt to justify it. The exclamation of Rokko, still of incredulous surprise, gives occasion for the repetition of the previous musical phrase, now in the key of F sharp minor, with the addition of the clarionets to the former instrumentation, which serves to bring out still more than before the peculiarity of tone in the former combination, with the repetition of the words now declaimed with more emphasis than at first; and this seems to awaken the jailor from his temporary torpor, and he appears to recoil with repugnance from the being who has sought to tempt him, by the utterance given to the repeated ejaculation, "My lord, my lord!" while the other reiterates, "You still hesitate?" Pizarro now contemplates the death of Rokko, as the necessary means of security for his own safety; while the latter, shuddering at the thought of having had such a proposal made to him, firmly resolves that, let what may happen, he will never be an agent in the crime proposed. These various feelings of equally firm resolution are finely expressed in an *ensemble* of the two voices, the opening of which is one of the most striking points in this very remarkable composition. We have a dominant pedal in the key of C sharp minor, with a strangely original passage for the violins in octaves, the piercing, screaming wildness of which has an effect most startling, and this is succeeded by the grave firmness of the various resolves to which the previous agitated excitement was the incentive. We have then a curious unisonous passage, which equivocates between the keys of C sharp minor and E major, wherein Rokko declares to his lord, that to take life is not his duty. This is given in a tone of fear for himself, but confidence in his determination, and is interrupted by Pizarro with a tone of reckless desperation worthy of Don Giovanni's awful defiance of the Guest of Stone; and the incarnate fiend of Beethoven's marvellous creation exclaims, that himself will do the deed, since the courage of the other fails him. A continuation of this passage, but with the tone modified from the fury of defiance to the bitterness of sarcasm, goes on to order Rokko promptly and cheerfully to descend to *that man*—"that man," with our recollections of the old jailor's account to Leonore of the sufferings of the one, the secret, the unapproachable prisoner, calls up in the hearer a feeling of painful sympathy and apprehension. "Thou knowest—" continues Pizarro, in his first abrupt and intimidating manner; to which Rokko replies interrogatively, "He who scarcely lives, who hovers like a shadow?" This passage recalls, and most likely at first suggested to the composer, a point of considerable note in the last overture to this opera (the overture to *Fidelio*, in E). We refer to a passage in the introduction, beginning in the key of C, and modulating almost imperceptibly into the key of E, where the violins have a figure of arpeggio in triplets, in contrary motion to the similar figure of the violas and violoncellos, while the basses and some wind instruments have sustained harmony. The hovering, mysterious effect of the passage, in its present situation, is eminently picturesque (the word is, we are sure, admissible), and, like the description of the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, is an illustration of how, under circumstances of most engrossing excitement, the mind, when contemplating an act, be its import how powerful soever, can delay, dreamily, blowing bubbles of the imagination, creating forms and phantasies out of the circumstances which surround, or the means which lead to such an act's fulfilment. A few notes of rapid recitative convey Pizarro's order that it is to "that man" that Rokko must descend, while he will wait at a short distance, and there, in the decayed cistern of the dungeon, prepare a grave for the pri-

soner. An example of our great composer's peculiar handy of his resources is in his employing the two trombones for the first time here, upon a single chord, in the word "*Cisterne*," and using them only in two other places, also for a single chord in each, throughout the whole duet. The effect is prodigiously heightened, in proportion to the scarcity of the means exerted to produce it! And then—and then?" demands the gazer; and this is responded to by a marvellous point of musical declamation. Then shall quickly, disguised into the dungeon, steal, this is the sense of Pizarro's words—but the full signification can be found only in the music. A passage of unison, for some bars, in crotchets, till the last word, "*schleichen*," the first syllable of which is drawn out for two semibreves and a crotchet descending semitonomically, then the second of the three chords, for the trombones—then the words—"One blow," by the voice unaccompanied—and then "*and he is dumb*," with a note to each syllable accompanied in unison by the basses pizzicato; language would but degenerate, in the vain attempt to describe the appalling effect this climax produces; no written praise, no unexpressed admiration can reach it. The major key introduces an *ensemble* with great freshness, in which Pizarro and Rokko variously reflect—Rokko on the happy end in death of the long protracted sufferings of the prisoner; Pizarro on the insufficiency of his vengeance from the too easy death of his victim. Pizarro now recurs to the mock honesty of manner, the bluntness with which the duet opens—"Now, old fellow—you understand me? you make a signal!" He repeats the description of the part he purposed to fulfil in the dreadful tragedy he is preparing, but with an entirely different expression, seeming to feel the delight of a kind of cannibal epicure, in imagining every possible variety to the feast of horrors, in which he already revels by anticipation. A very singular train of modulations, well worthy of the examination of the student, leads us once more to the diminished seventh on D sharp, the chord with the trombone, the two notes for the voice alone, the four notes accompanied pizzicato, the reprise of the *ensemble*, the excitement of which is now considerably increased by the additional colouring in the orchestra, and a short and effective coda, bring this unique composition to a conclusion—an extension of the opening phrase of the *ensemble* constituting the final symphony. In considering the marvellous music, of which we have just given rather a catalogue than a description, upon which we less mean to make a comment than to pay a tribute, we are struck with a feeling more resembling awe than anything else of human emotion with which we are familiar, at the more than human mastery of the composer; and we own, with that mixed sense of exultation and reverence which constitutes the highest admiration, that in this piece the dramatic powers of the musician are exerted to their very utmost possible extent, that musical expression approaches as nearly as possible to perfection.

(To be continued.)

#### M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.

(From the Times)

The second of these classical entertainments took place on Monday afternoon, in the Hanover-square Rooms, before a full and attentive audience. Besides the fine sonata of Dussek in C minor (Op. 33), which M. Billet had already introduced to the public, and a selection of studies from the most eminent masters, the programme offered a grand sonata in A major (entitled "*Ma Cousine*"), the composition of Mr. Macfarren,



and a *capriccio* in C major, of Haydn, both of which were equally acceptable as interesting novelties and as works of distinguished merit. Mr. Macfarren's sonata is a masterly composition, of large plan and elaborate development. Haydn's *capriccio* is one of those piquant and animated *presto* movements of which the composer has given so many striking examples; it is literally unknown except to the "Book-worms" of the piano, who will not allow a single page of a great master to escape them. Mr. Billet played these pieces in his usual vigorous and energetic style, and was rewarded with the highest applause. The *capriccio* of Haydn produced such a marked effect that it is not likely to remain longer in unmerited obscurity. The vocalists were Madame Anna Thillon and Herr Stockhausen. The gentleman sang some of his native *lieder* in a chaste and artistic manner. Madame Thillon, besides Weber's "Araby, O, Araby," (*Oberon*), and one of those sparkling French romances which she has made her special property, introduced a novelty of decided beauty and originality—a romance, unpretending and brief, called "L'Oiseau Mort," the composition of M. Vivier, the celebrated horn player, who in this plaintive and charming specimen of vocal writing has indicated a talent for composition which, properly cultivated, may raise its possessor to an eminence as an inventor equal to that which he has long enjoyed as a mere executant. The story related by the words of "L'Oiseau Mort" is the lament of a young girl over a favourite bird, which lies dead before her. The attraction of the melody is in its touching simplicity, and the peculiar character of the accompaniment is in exquisite keeping. This little gem was sung to perfection by Madame Thillon, and received with the warm applause it merited. We believe that M. Vivier has composed a great number of romances and chansonnettes of the same kind, which are highly esteemed by the critics and singers of the continent.

### Miscellaneous.

MR. KJALLMARK and SIGNOR REGONDI'S CONCERT.—The concert of these well-known artists took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Saturday Morning last. An excellent programme was provided. The *Bénéficiaires* performed several times during the morning. Mr. Kjallmark played a grand trio by Beethoven, in conjunction with Signori Sivi and Piatti; the Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven with Sivi, and a concertante duet for concertina and piano with Signor Regondi, in all of which he sustained his reputation as a pianist. Signor Regondi played a solo, by Thalberg, on the guitar, and, besides the duet with Mr. Kjallmark mentioned above a *morceau de concert* for the concertina, entitled "Les Oiseaux" which was remarkable for the brilliancy of the passages, and the facility with which they were played. The "morceau" will, without doubt, become a "*pièce de résistance*" for all performers on that favorite instrument, as it is melodious and well harmonized and is well written. The vocal performers, were Miss Catherine Hayes, the Misses Pyne, Signori Marras and Paltoni. The latter obtained great applause in "La Danza" of Rossini. The instrumentalists were Signori Sivi, Piatti, and Bottesini, the conductors M. Frelon and Mr. Kjallmark. The room was crowded by a fashionable audience.

MISS DOLBY and MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S CONCERT.—The annual grand morning concert of the above popular artists came off on Friday, at the Hanover-square Rooms, and attracted a crowded and fashionable audience. The selection was of the best kind, comprising among others the overtures to *Faust*, *Anacreon*, and *Prometheus*; songs of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Rossini, with a few, and but a few, vocal popularities interspersed, and Beethoven's concerto (No. 4) in G major, for the pianoforte. The band, which was carefully chosen, under the conductorship of Mr. Lucas, and the leadership of Mr. Willy, played the three overtures admi-

ably. With such a thoroughly efficient force, and with Mr. Lindsay Sloper at the piano, nothing less than a perfect performance could be anticipated for Beethoven's Concerto. And such was the case. Mr. Sloper was in first-rate play, and brought all his talents and energies to illustrate in the most faithful and happiest manner the noble inspiration of the master. Not only in classical feeling for his author, and that depth of expression which the music of Beethoven, more, perhaps, than of any other composer, necessitates, but in brilliancy of execution, perfect finish, and largeness of style, did Mr. Lindsay Sloper exhibit his capabilities as a pianist of the best school. He was warmly applauded in each movement. Mr. Lindsay Sloper also played a *Lied ohne Worte*, from book 7, and a study in F minor, by Mendelssohn, the first of which was an excellent specimen of graceful and expressive playing, and the last of mastery and power over the finger-board. Miss Dolby's share of the programme included the recitative and aria, "Eccomi sola," from Gagliardi's *Romeo e Guiliotta*; with Miss Eliza Birch, the popular duet from *Semiramide*, "Serbami ognor," the contralto part in a quartet of Schimon, with Miss E. Birch, Herr Reichart and Herr Stockhausen; a song by Esser, called "The Minstrel's Curse"; with Mdlle. Graumann, Mendelssohn's duet, "Herbstlied," and George Lindley's ballad, "Ida." Miss Dolby sang throughout most charmingly, and was recalled several times. In Esser's song, and Linley's ballad, she produced a marked sensation by that perfect simplicity and grace which have been so long acknowledged as characteristics of her style. Ernst played his "Rondo Papageno," as usual, with immense success, and was received at the end with volleys of applause. Another feature of the entertainment was a concertino on the contra-basso, played with marvellous power and skill, by Bottesini, who has become one of the greatest lions of the day, and whose performances invariably excite the utmost astonishment and delight. Among the other vocalists, we must single out for especial notice Herr Reichart and Herr Stigelli, both of whom sang in a most agreeable and pleasing manner. Mdlle. Graumann was also heard to advantage. The concert afforded the most evident gratification.

MADLLE COULON'S CONCERT.—Madlle. Coulon, one of our youngest and most promising pianistes, gave her annual morning concert at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Wednesday, the 11th instant, to a crowded and fashionable audience. The programme was of a moderate length, but the selection, both instrumental and vocal, was irreproachable. The fair *bénéficiaire* performed with great taste and remarkable facility, and displayed in the difficult passages more power than we should have imagined her to possess, judging from the graceful tone of her mind and feelings. In the "*Moïse*" fantasia of Thalberg, Mdlle. Coulon delighted her audience, although the piece does not contain beauties of the classical school in which we should have been glad to hear Mdlle. Coulon. The duet by J. Herz, in which the composer assisted Mdlle. Coulon, also went off with considerable éclat. The vocal portion of the concert was confined to the Misses Birch, Miss Messent, and Mdlle. Graumann; Signori S. Tamburini and Marchesi and Mr. Herbert, all of whom acquitted themselves in a creditable manner. We must not omit to mention that Mdlle. Coulon, with Messrs. Rousselot and Sainton, performed Mendelssohn's magnificent trio in C minor, which alone was worth going to the rooms to hear. M. Sainton also performed a violin solo admirably, as did Mr. F. Chatterton (one of our first harpists), and a M. Frelon performed upon a new instrument called "l'Orgue à Percussion," which was well received, and appeared to excite some curiosity among the audience.

CONCERT FOR THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.—This concert was as good as those of preceding years, and we trust will prove as remunerative. The room was crowded to excess. A first-rate band had volunteered its services, and many of the most distinguished professors now in London came forward to aid the directors in forwarding their benevolent design. The evening's amusement commenced with Cherubini's overture to *Les Deux Journées*, which was closely followed by Mr. Augustus Braham's Handelian song, in which he displayed a considerable portion of his father's singular ability in pronunciation and emphasis of the words. Herr Formes was unanimously encored in "Largo al factotum," which he sang splendidly, and Mademoiselle

Johannsen, a Danish lady, received great applause in a cavatina from *Ernani*. This lady has great flexibility of voice, and created a very favourable impression, particularly in some of Jenny Lind's Swedish melodies. Madame Anna Zerr sang an aria from the *Zauberflöte*, in which she reached F in alt with apparent ease, much to the astonishment of her auditors. We are clearly of opinion that this lady's singing upon the stage would create much sensation, her style being dramatic and well calculated for effect in that arena. Miss Birch sang as well as ever, and Mr. Williams's clarinet accompaniment deserves great praise. The Misses Pyne also received much applause, and Miss Dolby exhibited her fine voice and admirable method in a classical cantata by Miss Laura Barker, called "Enone," which we think is decidedly clever. Herrs Pischek and Reichart both sang with great effect. We should like to see Herr Pischek's name more often in the concert programmes of the season. The other vocalists were Mrs. Noble, Miss Kearns, and Miss M. Williams; Mr. Williams, and Mr. Lawler. The instrumentalists were Madame Parish Alvars, who displayed much execution on the harp. Signor Bottesini, whose wonderful performance on the contra basso created quite a *furor*, as it invariably does, and who was instantly and vociferously encored, and Herr Pauer, a young pianist of great promise, who performed Weber's "Concert Stück," in which he evinced much taste, and was ably backed up by the band. The concert was too long, but appeared to give perfect satisfaction to the audience, as indeed could alone be the result of such a combination of first-rate talent and excellent management.

MR. H. C. COOPER. (*From a Correspondent*).—This eminent artiste, whose masterly performances on the violin we have had frequent occasions to notice, gave a concert of classical instrumental music, on Monday Evening, the 16th instant, at the Concert Rooms, Mortimer Street. The performance closely resemble those of those lately given by the Beethoven Quartett Society, and comprised the following *chefs d'œuvre*:—Quartett in D minor, No. 38—Haydn; Sonata in B flat, No. 4, pianoforte and violin—Mozart; Quartette in A minor, Op. 13—Mendelssohn; Grand Duet (two violins) in D minor—Spohr; Quartett, Posthumous, in B flat—Beethoven. When we state that the artistes who appeared on the occasion were Messrs. W. S. Bennet, P. Sainton, H. Cooper, Hill, and Rousselot, we need scarcely say the several pieces were rendered with the precision, good taste, and finish which invariably characterise the public performances of these talented artistes. The room was well filled. Amongst the audience we noticed many distinguished amateurs and professors who fully participated in the enthusiasm the performance elicited.

HERR KAUFMANN AND SON have announced a series of grand musical performances, the first of which takes place on Tuesday, when they will exhibit their newly-invented instruments, the Harmonichord, Orchestrion, Chordaulodin, Symphonium, and Trumpet-Automaton.

DIORAMA OF THE HOLY LAND.—At the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, a grand moving diorama of the Holy Land is being exhibited, painted by the artists of the "Panorama of the Nile." This pictorial exhibition is illustrative of the Exodus of the Israelites; Mount Sinai; Ruins of Petra; the capital of Edom; Bethlehem; Hebron; Nazareth, and city of Jerusalem, &c. The whole is admirably arranged and painted. A *coup d'œil* of the holy city first attracts the eye of the spectator; after which Jerusalem is illustrated within its walls, representing the social life of the inhabitants, and presenting views of the principal streets, gates, and churches, as well as of the most remarkable buildings. Tyre—Sydon—Beyrout—the Sea of Galilee—Plain of Esdraelon—Samarra—Mount Carmel—Lebanon and its venerable cedars—as also various other places of interest in Syria and Palestine—next pass before the eye in rapid succession; and the whole concludes with a gorgeous and admirably executed representation of the Mosque of Omar (occupying the site of Solomon's Temple), painted from the only drawing that has been made (as we are informed) of that jealously guarded edifice. Where the whole is so cleverly arranged and executed, it would be invidious to make many selections by way of "points" in the general

picture; nevertheless, we must call attention to the highly picturesque view of the "Ford of the Jordan," the "Wady Garundel" valley, Petra, Sidon, Beyrout, and of the city of Jerusalem itself. Besides being a Diorama of high interest and merit, the pictorial representations of the Holy Land are agreeably accompanied by musical illustrations, which, aided by explanatory observations of each view by an intelligent interpreter, render it one of the most attractive and instructive exhibitions in the metropolis.

MRS. ALEXANDER NEWTON AND MISS ELIZA WARD, gave their second Chamber Concert at No. 5, Percy Street, Bedford Square, the residence of Mrs. Alexander Newton, on Monday evening last. They were assisted by Miss Mary Farmer, Miss Rose Braham, Miss Messent, Miss Lizzy Stuart, and Madame Zimmerman, Mr. Winter and Mr. George Tedder as vocalists; and Miss Eliza Ward, Mr. Viotti Collins, Mr. George Collins, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, Master J. Ward, and Mr. Sauvlet, instrumentalists. Mrs. A. Newton was conspicuous among the singers for the grand aria, "Gli Angui d'infern," and the opening cavatina from *Sonnambula*, both of which were admirably given, and M. Sauvlet, the Netherlands flautist, who did wonders on his instrument, with his left hand only, although he had two hands perfectly available. In this attempt at miraculous display, M. Sauvlet has been surpassed by the Hibernian flautist, Bill Hickky, who plays variations on one hole. We must not omit mentioning how much gratified we were by Mrs. Alexander Newton's "Robin Adair," an excellent specimen of pure ballad singing. The rooms were crowded. The next *soirée* is announced to take place on Monday evening.

M. SZEKELY, the "Hungarian Pianist," as he styles himself, gave the first of a series of two concerts on Thursday evening, the 12th inst., at the New Beethoven Rooms. Mr. Szekely played several times in the course of the evening, and received much applause. Various well known artistes assisted, and Mr. Hopkinson conducted. The concert gave general satisfaction.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The *Creation* was again performed last night, and if possible to a still more crowded audience than last week. Miss Birch, Catherine Hayes, Reeves, and Formes, as before, were the principal vocalists. In consequence of the success attendant upon the series of performances, arrangements have been made to continue them during next month. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* will be again performed next Friday; the last performance of this Oratorio drew the largest amount of the series. Country visitors or foreigners before coming to London should previously secure tickets or they will run great risk of disappointment.

THE MUSICAL UNION.—M. Baugniet is busy in completing a most interesting *tableau* of the musical lions of the London season of 1851, who have been engaged at the Musical Union; comprising portraits of Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Sivi, Sainton, Laub, Hill, Deloffre, Piatti, Menter, Bottesini, Eckert, Bennett, Pauer, Hallé, and also that of the Director.

BOSISIO, The well known *chef d'orchestre*, has arrived in town for the purpose of conducting Mr. Weippert's Quadrille Band.

MR. GEORGE HAWKINS, the vocalist, destroyed himself last week while labouring under a fit of temporary insanity. He was in his fifty-second year.

#### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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## Advertisements.

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**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**—Cure of a disordered Liver and Stomach, when in a most hopeless state.—Extract of a letter from Mr. Matthew Harvey, of Chapel Hall, Alrdrie, Scotland, dated the 15th of January, 1850.—To Professor HOLLOWAY, Sir,—Your valuable Pills have been the means, with God's blessing, of restoring me to perfect health, at a time when I thought I was on the brink of the grave. I had consulted several eminent Doctors, who, after doing what they could for me, considered my case hopeless. I had been suffering from a Liver and Stomach complaint of long standing, which during the last two years got so much worse, that every one considered my condition as hopeless. I, as a last resource, got a Box of your Pills, which soon gave relief, and by persevering in their use for some weeks, together with rubbing night and morning your Ointment over my chest and stomach, and right side, I have by their means alone got completely cured, and to the astonishment of myself and everybody who knows me.

(Signed)

MATTHEW HARVEY.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints:—  
 Ague, Consumption of Fevers, all kinds of Liver complaints, Tumours, Asthma, the Bowels, kinds of Lumbago, Ulcers, Bilious Com-Consumption, Piles, Rheumatism, Worms of all kinds, Debility, Gout, Scrofula or King's Weakness, from Blood on the Dropsy, Head-ache, Indigestion, whatever causes Evil Disposition, Inflammation, Sore Throats, &c., &c., Bowel complaints, Erysipelas, Jaundice, Tio-Donloureux.

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## VOCAL SCIENCE.

AT the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS on FRIDAY, June 27, at Half-past Two o'clock, Signor ANELLI has the honour to announce that he will deliver the First of a Course of FOUR LECTURES ON VOCAL SCIENCE, and the Art of Forming and Cultivating the Voice, by a new and concise method, by which pupils can learn singing in half the usual time, and which has been approved by the first masters, including the high authority of CRESCHETTI. The Lecture will be illustrated by Miss Livingstone and Miss Menville. Conductor, Mr. Frederic Anelli, who will perform "Souvenir des Opéra" on the Pianoforte. Reserved Seats, 5s.; Single Tickets, 4s.; Family Tickets (for Four), 2s. To be had, with the Syllabus and Plan of the "Method," at the principal Music Shops. Terms for Tuition—Single Lessons, One Guinea; Twenty-four Lessons, Twelve Guineas; Forty-eight Lessons, Twenty Guineas. Pupils in classes of four at half the above terms.

## M. BOSISIO.

MR. JOHN WEIPPERT has the honour to announce to the Nobility and Gentry that he has effected an engagement with the above distinguished Composer, who has just arrived from Paris with an entirely new selection of music, composed by him expressly for the present season. M. Bosisio will be the Leader of "John Weippert's Band," which is formed of the finest Artists in Europe. Apply only at John Weippert's Quadrille Office, 214, Soho-square.

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"Rosalie," in A flat	2s. 6d.
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THE WORLD IS A FAIRY RING. Ballad written by Eliza Cook, composed by Joseph Philip Knight; composer of Beautiful Venice, Gather ye Rosebuds, Ocean Dreams, Song of Early Days, Come away, Cavatina, The Happy day, The Old and New Year, Her cheek was Pale.

London: Z. T. Purday, 45, High Holborn.

## ST. MARTIN'S HALL, LONG ACRE.

Under Immediate Patronage of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and Her Grace the Duchess of Buckingham.

HERR KAUFMANN and SON from Dresden, will have the honour of giving THREE GRAND MUSICAL PERFORMANCES, on Tuesday evening, the 24th; Friday evening, the 27th; and Monday evening, the 30th of June, when they will introduce for the first time in this country, their newly invented Instruments, viz.:—*Harmonichord, Orchestration, Symphonium, Chordophone, and Trumpet Automaton.* To commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Admission—Stalls, 7s., Unreserved Seats, 4s., in the upper part of the Hall, 2s., 1s., to be had at the Hall, and all principal Music Sellers.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

IT is respectfully announced that on TUESDAY EVENING it will be performed for the sixth time in this country Auber's Grand Opera, **IL PRODIGE**, (recently produced with immense success at the Académie de Musique, Paris, under the name of L'Infant Prodigue.)

Jefele	...	...	...	Madame SONTAG.
Nette	...	...	...	Madame UGALDE.
Reuben	...	...	...	M. MASSOL.
Amale	...	...	...	Signor GARDONI.
Amenof	...	...	...	Signor MERCURIALI.
Nemrod	...	...	...	Signor CASANOVA.
Canope	...	...	...	Signor SCOTTI.
Monoton	...	...	...	Signor COLETTI.
Boccoris	...	...	...	Signor COLETTI.
Lia	...	...	...	Mlle. CAROLINA ROSATI.

The Couplets of the Chamelier, in the fourth act, will be sung by Madame UGALDE. The new scenery by Mr. Charles Marshall. In the Second and Third Acts a Grand Divertissement (composed by M. Paul Taglion) comprising the celebrated Pas de Poignards, by Mlle. Carolina Rosati, supported by Mlles. Kohlenburg, Rosa, Esper, Julien, Lamoreux, Dantonie, Anseandon, Pascual, Allegrini, Soto, Soldansky, Emma, Eliza, Lavinia, Beale, and the ladies of the corps de ballet. The Opera to commence at half-past 7 o'clock. Applications for boxes, stalls and tickets to be made at the box-office of the theatre.

On Wednesday, FIDELIO (eighth time), Leonora, Mlle. SOPHIE CRUVELLI, being the last time it can be given before the end of the Season; with, first time this season, "LA PROVA D'UN OPERA SERIA," principal characters by Signor Calzolari, Signor Lablache, Signor F. Lablache, and Madame Ugalde.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR MR. COSTA.—On FRIDAY next, 27th June, an Extra Performance of Mendelssohn's ELIJAH. Vocalists—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss E. Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams; Mr. Sims Reeves and Herr Formes. The Orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 Performers. Tickets 3s.; reserved, 5s.; Central Area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter Hall, or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross.

## NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS,

27, QUEEN ANNE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

## PROGRAMME

OF

## MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'

FIRST PERFORMANCE OF

CLASSICAL AND MODERN PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 23rd.

To commence at Three, and terminate at Five.

PART I.			
Trio in C Minor, Op. 1.—Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Messrs.			
BRINLEY RICHARDS, ERNST, and PIATTI	...	...	Beethoven.
Allegro con Brio.			
Andante Cantabile con variazioni.			
Minuetto—Trio.			
Finale—Prestissimo.			
ARIA—Cruel! Ah do mio ben—Miss CATHERINE HAYES	...	...	Mozart.
SOLO, PIANOFORTE—MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS			
"The Vision"—Romance	...	...	Richards.
Characteristic Pieces, No. 4 (Schnell und beweglich)			Mendelssohn.
Lied ohne Worte in E	...	...	
The Fountain	...	...	Sterndale Bennett.
CONCERTINA—CONTRA-BASSO—SIGNOR BOTTESINI	...	...	Bottesini.
PIANOFORTE DUETT—Andante con Variazioni, Op. 83—MR. CIPRIANI	...	...	
FOSTER and MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS	...	...	Mendelssohn.

PART II.			
SONATA IN A MAJOR—Pianoforte and Violin—			
MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS and HERR ERNST	...	...	Mozart.
Allegro Molto.			
Andante.			
Finale—Presto.			
RONDO—Sommambula—Miss CATHERINE HAYES	...	...	Bellini.
SOLO, PIANOFORTE—MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS,			
Moonlight Serenade	...	...	
"Angela"—Romance	...	...	Richards.
SCHERZO—The Rivalry and the Birds			

Broadwood's Patent Grand Piano Fortes will be used at these Concerts. The Vocal Music will be accompanied by Mr. CIPRIANI FOSTER. Subscription to both Concerts, One Guinea. Single Tickets, Eight Shillings each.

## MR. CRIVELLI

BEGS to acquaint his friends and the public that a Third Edition of the "ART OF SINGING," enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his residence, 71, Upper Norton-street, and at all the principal Music-sellers. \* Soon will be ready, the French and German Translations.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF MADAME VIARDOT.

SECOND NIGHT OF LE PROPHETE.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, JUNE 24th, will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

## LE PROPHETE.

Fides,	...	...	...	Madame VIARDOT.
(Her second appearance this season).				
Bertha,	...	...	...	Madame CASTELLAN.
Jean of Leyde's,	...	...	...	Signor MARIO.
Count Oberthal,	...	...	...	Signor TAGLIAPICO.
Serjeant,	...	...	...	Signor SOLDI.
Peasants,	...	...	...	(Signor ROMMI and
Geona,	...	...	...	Signor RACHE.
Mathiasin,	...	...	...	Signor STIGELLI.
Faceano,	...	...	...	Signor POLONINI.
	...	...	...	Herr FORMES.

The Chorus in the grand Coronation Scene of the Third Act will combine the powers of the Full Orchestra, the Military Bands, the Chorus and Organ.

The Incidental Ballet in the Skating Scene will be supported by Madlle. Louise Taghioni and M. Alexandre, and comprise the celebrated Quadrille des Patineurs.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor,—M. R. COSTA.

On THURSDAY NEXT, JUNE 26th, a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place. Full particulars will be duly announced.

COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be had at the Box Office of the Theatre.

Signor RONCONI has arrived, and will make his first appearance in a few days.

## BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY,

27, QUEEN ANNE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

## M. SCIPION ROUSSELOT

Begs to announce that he will give, for his Benefit an

## EXTRA EVENING PERFORMANCE,

Being the last meeting this season, on WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1851, at eight o'clock; Quartetts to commence at a quarter-past eight; when the following eminent artists will appear:—

Violins, HERR ERNST.			
Messrs. P. SAINTON, H. COOPER,			
And Signor CAMILLO SIVORI.			
Viola, Mr. H. HILL.		Violoncello, M. S. ROUSSELOT.	
Contra-basso, Signor BOTTESINI.		Pianoforte, Mlle. COULON.	
Vocalist, Miss DOLBY.			

The programme will include a Duet for Violin and Tenor, by Spohr, performed by Messrs. Sivori and Ernst; a Duet for Violin and Contra-basso, played by Messrs. Sivori and Bottesini; and a Quintett (No. 3) with Contra-basso, originally composed by S. Rousselet, for the late celebrated Dragonetti, performed by Messrs. Ernst, Cooper, Hill, Rousselet, and Bottesini.

Reserved seats half-a-guinea. The Members, Subscribers of the Society, will have a right to a Reserved Seat for the usual price of the Subscription. Unreserved seats seven shillings, to be obtained of Messrs. Rousselet and Co., 66, Conduit Street, Regent Street, and at the principal Music Sellers.

## MISS BASSANO AND HERR KUHE

BEG to announce that their ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover-square, on TUESDAY, the 24th of JUNE, 1851. Vocalists—Messdames Catherine Hayes, Birch, Eliza Birch, Johannsen, and Bassano; Messrs. Stigelli, Marchesi, Juliet Stockhausen, and Fischek. Instrumentalists—Madame Parish Alvars, Messrs. Ernst, Piatti, and Herr Kuhe. Conductors—Messrs. Brinley Richards, Robert Green, and Biletta. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Reserved Seats, Fifteen Shillings each. To be had of all principal Music-sellers, and of Miss Bassano, 19, Osnaburgh-street, Regent's-park, and of Herr Kuhe, 18, Princes-street, Cavendish-square.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

## MISS GODDARD

BEGS to announce that she will give her First EVENING CONCERT on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1851, when she will be assisted by Messrs. Sivori, Piatti, Bottesini, Fischek, Reichart, &c. &c.; Misses Dolby, Johannsen, and Fraser. Conductors—Sig. E. Biletta, Sig. G. Fossil, and Herr Schmidt. To commence at Eight o'clock. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Single Ticket, 7s. To be had at the principal Music Publishers, and of Miss Goddard, 14, Clarendon-villas, Notting Hill.

## AMATI VIOLONCELLO

TO be Sold, the Property of an Amateur. It is a beautiful specimen of the Cremona maker, and will be sold for much below its value. To be seen at Messrs. Wessel and Co., 229, Regent-street, Corner of Hanover-street.

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